

The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1956

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 114

JULY, 1956

EDITOR : MR. V. V. DRULLER

COMMITTEE :

Ann Swinglehurst, Beryl Pope, Pinfield, Finnemore

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

Fowler, P. A. (VI), 1950-56.
Batsford, P. C. (VA), 1951-56.
Dyke, B. J. (VB), 1951-56.
Spencer, P. K. (VB), 1951-56.

Teel, G. A. (VB), 1951-56.
Whateley P. C. E. (VB), 1951-56.
Williams, G. (VB), 1951-56.

NOTES AND NEWS

The summer term began on Wednesday, April 18th and ends on Friday, July 27th.

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During the Easter holidays the kitchen and dining-hall were re-decorated. Owing to the work not being completed, the opening of term was postponed from Tuesday to Wednesday.

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At the end of last term the picture for the tidiest form-room was awarded to Form iia.

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Football colours were presented to Stowe, hockey colours to Beryl Pope and Jane Rawbone, and netball colours to Edwina Gregory.

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On Saturday, April 21st, a party made up from the Sixth, Fifth and Fourth Forms, with Miss Sim and Mr. Hadwen, travelled by coach to London. A visit was paid by some of the party to the National Gallery, by others to the Science Museum at South Kensington.

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General Certificate cookery practical examinations were held on Tuesday, April 24th.

The French oral examinations took place on Thursday, May 17th, for Ordinary level, and on Wednesday, June 6th, for Advanced level candidates.

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The examinations for G.C.E. began on Monday, June 18th.

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The half-term holiday was arranged for Whitsuntide week, from May 21st to 25th.

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On Friday, June 8th, all Sixth Form girls, accompanied by Miss Hewitt, attended the open day at Studley College, and were taken on a very interesting tour of the college and its grounds.

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The Area Sports were held at Bidford-on-Avon on Saturday, June 16th, and the County Sports at Coventry on Saturday, June 30th.

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Sports day has been arranged for Thursday, July 19th.

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The School photograph was taken on Tuesday, May 1st.

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With deep regret we have to record, the death on June 13th of Mr. J. Ankcorn, for over thirty-eight years our school caretaker, until his retirement in 1950. We extend our sympathy to his widow who, as Mrs. Fletcher, for many years was a member of the kitchen staff.

BIRTHS

On November 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Gray (née Sheila Rymell)—a son.

On March 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Tooley (née Mary Woods)—a son.

On March 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Styles (née Eileen Rose)—a daughter.

On April 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Heard—a daughter.

On April 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Dance (née Sheila Malin)—a son.

On April 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cassell (née Joan Hill)—a son.

On May 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Martin (née Pamela Feast)—a son.

On May 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Chambers (née Brenda Mitchell)—a daughter.

On May 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Drinkwater (née Doreen Green)—a son.

On May 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Midlane—a daughter.

On May 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hartwell (née Mary Trotman)—a daughter.

- On May 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Baylis (née Valerie Jacques)—a daughter.
On May 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Weatherhead (née Wendy Grummett)—a son.
On June 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Spiers (née Gian Beachus)—a daughter.
On June 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Green—a son.

MARRIAGES

- On February 25th, at Bidford-on-Avon, Alan McCall to Valerie Butcher (scholar 1947-52).
On March 10th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Michael Oliver Steed to Elizabeth Ann Bull (scholar 1946-51).
On March 16th, at Hobart, Tasmania, Geoffrey Lilley to Jane Margaret Irving (scholar 1939-47).
On March 24th, at Bidford-on-Avon, Alan Morris to Pauline Mary Easthope (scholar 1946-51).
On March 24th, at Alcester, Alan J. Cresswell (scholar 1942-46) to Gillian M. Holmes.
On March 24th, at Bidford-on-Avon, Richard Woodbridge to Monica N. Locke (scholar 1946-50).
On March 31st, at Alcester, Michael H. Warwick to Iris Lilian Daffern (scholar 1945-49).
On March 31st, at Astwood Bank, Brian Albert Sutor (scholar 1946-51) to Mary Lavinia Wheeler.
On April 2nd, at Abbots Morton, Robert W. Eadie (scholar 1943-48) to Rosemary May Ganderton.
On April 2nd, at Redditch, E. Fryers to Sheila M. Ingram (scholar 1941-48).
On April 28th, at Salford Priors, Anthony Houghton to Nancy Ellen Malin (scholar 1948-53).
On June 2nd, at Bidford-on-Avon, Leslie Charles Westwood to Ann Wilcox (scholar 1947-52).
On June 7th, at Bidford-on-Avon, William Charles Brain to Enid Sarah Langston (scholar 1943-47).
On June 12th, at Halesowen, John Samuel Arthur Pritchard (scholar 1946-50) to Brenda Green.
On June 19th, at Droitwich, Edward John Allen (scholar 1932-39) to Barbara Brown.
On June 21st, at Aston Cantlow, John Spencer Edkins (scholar 1946-51) to Joyce Harper.
On June 23rd, at Stratford-on-Avon, Edward Anthony Nightingale to Jillian Smith (scholar 1946-51).
On June 25th, at Astwood Bank, John Williams to Margaret Brenda Southwick (scholar 1944-49).

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

J. A. Savage has obtained his B.Sc. in Civil Engineering at Birmingham University with 2nd Class Honours.

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Barbara Druller has been awarded a half purple for hockey at London University.

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G. Gillett, who is serving in the Forces, went in April to Malaya.

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The Summer Reunion of the Old Scholars' Guild will be held at the School on Saturday, July 21st.

IN SEARCH OF KNOWLEDGE

On the first Saturday of this term a group of Upper School students visited London, where they separated, one group visiting art galleries and the other the Kensington Science Museum.

This latter group, on entering the building, was immediately attracted by a pendulum swinging on a long wire suspended from the roof of the building. When this pendulum was set in motion, it swung always along the same line, while the earth rotated slowly beneath it. The amount of rotation was measured on a scale on the floor.

A surprising number of steps was then encountered, the ascent of which proved well worth the time expended thereon. These revealed to us a most amazing and imposing array of exhibits, ranging from the earliest television set to the boat used by Oxford in the first Boat Race.

The former of these, although an outstanding scientific achievement, rather suggested the motto, *Per ardua ad minima*. It consisted of vast quantities of screws, valves, wire, red and black connections, all culminating in a minute partly-visible screen low down on the right-hand side of the mass.

Also of consuming interest were the clocks, of which a wide range could be seen. Included among them was "the smallest clock in the world," so tiny that a magnifying glass was fitted over it to facilitate inspection. Amusement was caused by an ancient specimen made entirely of wood, which resembled a ruinous windmill far more than a clock.

Among the exhibits of road vehicles were sundry cars of vile aspect, one of which had been constructed with the steering wheel so placed as to obviate the possibility of its being turned from within the car.

Bicycles, too, showed various crudities, one of the most notable of which was to be seen in one of the more primitive vehicles, whose only achievement was to make walking difficult. The rider, naturally enough, sat on the saddle, which was situated in an unnecessarily low position, and pushed on the ground with his feet. Brakes were non-existent and the descent of a steep hill by such a phenomenon must have been entertaining to watch.

Not all the exhibits were old, however. There were many modern examples of man's ingenuity, some of which could be operated by those visitors who were sufficiently skilled to understand them. Mr. Hadwen spent some minutes showing a more advanced scholar how to make a small coloured light appear on a cathode ray tube and move up and down a measured line thereon.

After having drunk our fill of science we set off down the road towards the aeronautical museum, where amusement was mingled with wonder at the range of exhibits.

At first sight the hall appeared for the most part filled with models of bewhiskered gentlemen standing in baskets suspended from the ceiling, but further inspection revealed that they were so arranged as to show the progress of the aircraft from its earliest and most primitive stages to its present-day elegance.

All too soon it was time to retire to the coach for a ride to a tea-house, where a thoroughly exorbitant price was charged for standing in a large queue. So long were some of us forced to wait, indeed, that the opinion was heard to be expressed that rent would be charged.

Hence, after several attempts at getting lost on the part of the less-prudent elements, we journeyed on foot to a theatre, where we thoroughly enjoyed a performance of "The Reluctant Debutante," and thence to the coach and homeward, pausing for light refreshment at Studley Green (a truly nobly-named locality) on the return journey, which was rendered more enjoyable by the discovery by some of our group that they both had sandwiches left over and that their capacity was exhausted. This caused great rejoicing for at least four minutes, and we then settled down to sporadic outbursts of singing, rendering the night hideous by the noise. And so we returned home, our thirst for knowledge at least partially satisfied.

D. E. SALE (VI).

AMUSING INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE

I often sit and talk to the rest of the family about some of the amusing incidents of our lives. Some of the things we did when we were small are very amusing and we usually have a good laugh over them.

One evening when I was very young my mother was spring-cleaning after we had had the room painted and decorated. My brother and I were getting in her way, so she sent us outside to play in the garden, as it was still light. At about half past nine she heard a small voice saying: "'S cold out here, isn't it?" She had finished the work and was sitting down to rest when she suddenly realized that we were still outside. She had forgotten all about us, and she thought we were in bed.

One day when my brother was small a knock was heard at the door. My brother went to see who was there, and surprised us by

coming in and saying that it was the Minister of Education. My mother went to the door and discovered that it was a man selling pills and embrocation.

When I was at the infants' school we had to write an essay on what we had done in the summer holidays. I decided to write about the day I went to the sea-side with my aunty and her baby. I said in the essay: "... my aunty had a baby on the sands..." Now whenever I go to stay with her she always teases me about it.

Next door to our house was my grandmother's shop, and in the yard at the back there was a large fridge, where the milk was kept, because at one time it was a dairy. My brother and I went to fetch a bottle of milk for my mother one day, and when I had taken the bottle of milk from the 'fridge I said I would shut my brother in to see how cold it was. The door was big and heavy and once I had closed it I could not open it again. I took the bottle of milk to my mother and started to read a book. At tea-time my mother was asking if anyone knew where my brother was and I suddenly remembered that he was still in the 'fridge. My mother let him out, after he had been freezing for almost an hour.

It is certainly very amusing to look back on these incidents and laugh about them.

JILL BURFORD (VA).

THE MISUNDERSTANDING

During the Whitsuntide holidays I went to spend a few days with my cousin, who lives on the outskirts of Nottingham. Although I had not seen my cousin since I was two years old, I felt sure I would be able to recognise her by the description I had obtained from her brother when he had last visited our house.

Full of confidence I boarded the coach which carried me safely to my destination. As the coach came to a standstill outside the local depot, I studied the small band of people who came forward to meet it. To my horror none of them fitted the description given me.

As I jumped down the steps of the coach, I saw in the distance a young girl who seemed to be waiting for someone. But as she did not fit the description given me, I thought no more about it and settled down to wait. Time dragged by and I became more and more worried and had visions of being there for ever in a strange city.

After waiting for half-an-hour I went up to the first person I met and asked where I could get a bus to my cousin's house in Bramcote.

From behind me a little voice said: "You're not Christine, are you?" I wheeled round and behind me stood the girl I had seen earlier.

It appears that her brother had given her a false description of me, as a joke. But we did not think it at all funny. Would you?

CHRISTINE DOWN (IVA).

THE DESERTED HOUSE

We have never taken to caravan sites when touring, partly because we are lovers of solitude. So it was when touring in the late afternoon that we began to look round for a site for the night. Then miles from anywhere we found an ideal spot near the river.

We decided to have an early supper and then go for a walk round the hill which rose from the river bank. As we strolled along we found a deserted house. What its history was or why it had fallen into decay we never discovered.

The view from the windows was superb—it was the kind of house which prompts you to prop open the door as you enter just in case you might be leaving in a hurry. We toured all the rooms, which had been furnished quite elaborately, but which gave you the impression that something was not quite right.

Brushing away cobwebs, we finally reached the attic and an enormous room that ran the full length of the house. It had obviously been the nursery. The fireplace at the far end was protected by a high fireguard, from which was hanging a child's tattered frock. It was at this point that we all turned and without a word made for the caravan as fast as our legs could carry us. Afterwards we were sure that we must have imagined the childish laughter in the attic.

JOAN COLLIER (III^B).

OPEN-CAST COAL-MINING

Ever since early times Britain's industrial wealth and progress have been dependent on coal. In this respect, Britain has been fortunate, since she has a large share of coal for her size, but unfortunately these reserves will not last for ever. In time, atomic power will take its place, but vast changes like this take a long time, and so there is a continual quest for coal to supply an ever-increasing demand.

A few weeks ago I went with a party to look over an open-cast coal mining site at Atherstone, on the Warwickshire coalfield. There we saw a site being worked, and the after-effects it has on farming.

The coal is excavated by means of massive dredgers to a depth of between one and two hundred feet. When going down into the pit, my first impression was that it was much deeper, but this was because all the waste rock material from between the seams is stacked to heights of well over one hundred feet on the edge of the excavations.

The coal seams on this particular site ran almost vertical and were about six feet thick. The coal seams were originally horizontal, but owing to pressure and uplifts in the ground over a period of about two hundred million years they have become tilted.

Most of the time on a site is not spent in the actual mining of coal, because for every ton of coal mined there are hundreds of tons of this waste rock material. This was being removed by relays of lorries which entered and left the pit by a steep gradient at one end.

Open-cast coal mining, however, does not finish with the exhaustion of the site, for afterwards the site has to be filled in to make the land once more fit for agricultural use. After this has been done it is surprising that there is no appreciable difference in the contours of the land. Unfortunately, however, it is a very long time before the soil regains the fertility it has built up over hundreds of years.

After seeing all this, I began to realise why coal is so dear to buy, but I also realise that we must have it if we are going to keep our position in the world.

M. P. FINNEMORE (VI).

GUESTS OF THE BISHOP

On Saturday, June 2nd, the Bishop of Worcester held a party at his beautiful seventeenth century house, Hartlebury Castle. Young people from all over the diocese had been invited, and my friend and I were very pleased to be two of his guests.

It was a big party indeed; nearly a thousand people were there. I'm sure the Bishop's hand must have ached after shaking hands with nearly all his guests. There was a lot to do and little time to do it in. We were free to wander where we liked in the grounds or in the castle. It was interesting to see, in the long hall, paintings of previous Bishops from the first, right up to present day. During the afternoon we watched film-shows and joined in several competitions and games. After tea on the lawn we danced for more than an hour. We were asked to go to a corner of the grounds and told that the Bishop would come and talk to us. We wondered where he had got to, but a chorus of: "Oh, why are we waiting?" soon fetched him out. He spoke in a very friendly manner to us and we showed our appreciation to him for inviting us by cheering loudly. At 6.15 p.m. we made our way to Hartlebury Parish Church for Evensong. Many new friends were made that day and we exchanged ideas about how to organise youth clubs and what activities to run in them. The Bishop looked very satisfied that he had helped to introduce the young people of the diocese, and the people of Hartlebury looked satisfied when they saw us going home. I expect they are glad the Bishop only lets the youth of Worcestershire overrun his home and the village once a year.

AUDREY EAST (IVB).

OLLA PODRIDA

A member of IIIA asserts that angles assisted the ancient mariner to reach safety.

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A.B. tells us that he made his arms soar with beating Modestine.

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We are informed by J.T. that people in those days thought that chemists were a kind of which.

Rocketed-booted aircraft, writes D.M.T., can go up to 1,300 miles per hour.

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J.H. thinks that loyal stockings would be preferable.

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The richer the country, declares N.C.R., the better its position in the world of currant affairs.

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M.G. states that the fishermen were going to see if their nets and lobster pots had yielded any fruit.

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We must not waste money on pools and gambolling, warns M.M.

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Terra nova, according to J.W., means "fatty earth".

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This poem, writes C.M., tells us about an old lady smocking a pipe.

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The snake, says R.B., was like an uncrowned king of the underground.

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We are told by S.S. that Scott took sledges pulled by doges on his travels.

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Mr. Shaun, states N.S., was the first mat of the ship.

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M.L. wisely informs us that Rosalind does not attempt to disguise herself, but merely dresses in different clothes.

UNDER SAIL

As Sunday, 10th July, grew nearer, I was filled with anxiety about the weather. My worry was not over rain—I wanted it to be very windy. The day, however, dawned bright and dry with quite a good sailing wind.

The appointed time and place for my first race in a sailing boat was at two o'clock at Twynning Fleet Sailing Club, near Bredon, in Worcestershire. Everything was checked and found to be in order, so we all set off at twelve o'clock with the boat on its trailer behind the car. My uncle and I were to race; my aunt and my father were to watch our efforts. We reached Twynning at half past one and there were many people lining the banks to watch the race. Many club members were helping friends to prepare their boats. Although our boat, "Tipper," is in the National class, she took us no time to check over and rig up.

After the recent rain the river had risen four inches above the average depth of fifteen feet, and I was rather fearful of being thrown in. My fears subsided when a life jacket was fastened around me. Soon I was in "Tipper," which had been launched helpfully by friends.

There was just enough time to get the feel of the wind and water, and then we were under the starter's orders. We all lined up and at the sound of the bell the eight boats in the race were away. As the wind was blowing in no one direction we had to tack across the river. During the first and second laps the wind, when it did blow, came in gusts and I, like all the other crews, had to hang over the side of the boat to stop our capsizing.

The race consisted of four laps round two buoys two hundred yards apart. On the third lap, the motor launches started to show their skill at racing up the river at a speed which ought to be a punishable offence. They made such a wash, and the wind was then so violent, that the boats just bobbed about helplessly.

When in the fourth and last lap everything was again under control, as we thought, we began to have trouble with the wind. We had gained a place and were third and could have passed another boat when the wind changed its direction. Just then another motor launch, obviously driven by a week-end visitor, raced up the river and threw us against the bank. As we tried to get out from the bank two friends, also in the race, took our wind and we stayed where we were.

Then all at once the wind blew strongly again and we were away from the bank down the river to the last buoy. We turned round the buoy easily and travelled at a good speed towards the end of the race. Here we took someone else's wind and got to second place.

But position at the end of a race doesn't count and our timing on the laps put us back to fourth place. We were rather disappointed. But next time we vowed that, wind-willing, "Tipper" would win.

JEAN COWPER (VA).

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!

One day last week my young brother was due to celebrate his tenth birthday, and Mummy said to me on the Saturday morning: "Would you like to try your hand at icing Peter's birthday cake?" Immediately I replied: "Yes," thinking it would be such an easy and pleasant job for the morning.

With my hands washed and apron on I began to mix together the icing-sugar and white of egg, until it began to look like a stiff paste. But! Where did I get the idea that making cake icing was an easy job? Oh, dear! how my wrist did ache. But, with a few words of encouragement from Mummy (and I must admit a little help) it was eventually ready to go on the cake, together with small silver balls with which I wrote "Peter." Candles, candle-holders, jelly sweets, a small army car and a pretty cake-band, and hey, presto! my morning's work was complete. My happiness was too when Peter said on his birthday: "Jolly nice cake—well done, sis."

"Yes," I said with a grin. "It's easy when you know how!"

PAULINE DOWNING (IA).

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT

One day I found a "conker,"
It had a tiny shoot.
I planted it that evening,
And hoped it would take root.

I waited for that "conker"
To poke up through the ground.
And soon I was rewarded!
A bright green shoot was found.

This year my "conker" sapling
Is three or four feet tall.
I'm hoping now its branches
Will overgrow our wall.

And when it's even taller,
I'm hoping that I'll see
A load of "conker" cases
All growing on my tree.

ANNE ASHTON (IIIA).

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

It was a fish of monstrous size,
And as you know I'd tell no lies.
Twice three feet, that's six feet tall,
Not a fish that you'd call small.

I thought it was a whale a-biting,
As you may guess it was exciting.
He pulled the line all off my reel,
I thought "Is he a dream or real?"

I found that he was real alright,
He put up a tremendous fight,
Rushing quickly to and fro,
At a speed you'd not call slow.

And then his pace became quite slow;
I got him to the bank, just so.
But as I went to pull him out,
He gave a tug that I found stout.

His pull, though it was very slow,
Almost took the rod in tow.
Alas! It snapped, I'm sad to say.
He joined the rest that "got away"!

G. W. SORRELL (IVA).

FUN BY THE FIRE

During the last half-term a boy suggested, quite out of the blue, that we should go camping. I took to the idea and by the same afternoon had found four people to go. By Saturday we were all ready to set off. One or two boys could not stay the night for reasons beyond their control, so we thought we might have supper only, and try camping the next week-end.

The place where we proposed to go was a few miles from where we lived. It was on a hillside on the edge of a wood, and it was quite by accident that we found it. There were bushes about ten feet high and six feet thick all round, except for a bottle-necked entrance, which we blocked up. Then we made a tunnel through the bushes. There was room for two tents.

By nine o'clock I was ready to set out. The other boys were already there to get the fire going and put the tent up.

I had a rucksack in which I carried my utensils and food. This contained a tin of baked beans, one egg, a bottle of squash, half a loaf, butter, and a tin to poach the egg in.

When I got up there the fire was going well, so we started to cook. One boy did some sausages and baked beans, while I did three rounds of toast piled up with baked beans. I then poached the egg with fried bread. By this time it was quite dark and we were having the time of our lives.

At about half past ten we put the tent away, then had our drinks and biscuits. The bread that was left over we toasted and had with butter. We went home at eleven and arrived at half past, where we had to give a detailed report of the events of the evening.

M. EDWARDS (IIB).

SIXTH FORM NOTES

This term, the writing of the VI Form notes has been handed over, "very reluctantly," from the artists to the scientists. I therefore regard it as my duty, before we begin on the actual subject matter of this record, to point out, as a scientist, that any reference to any VI Form artist, either living or fossilised, is purely intentional.

The term, on the whole, has been a rather uneventful one, although some of our ingenious scientists have manufactured, from the minimum of parts, a radio which at times is capable of performing its function in a noteworthy manner, but is often subject to fits of depression, due to its temperamental nature. During these depressed periods, it lapses into almost complete silence, and the most that can be extracted from it is a heart-rending groan or a despairing, high-pitched wail of anguish.

Duties, although irksome, have, for the most part, been performed with scrupulous zeal, although permanent sentry duty outside the cadet-hut has been suggested for one of our members.

Some of our members enjoyed a trip to London, and visited the Kensington Science Museum, where they say that they found the exhibits "of consuming interest."

The VI Form has been well represented in the cricket team this term by Lewis (captain), Pinfield (vice-captain), Sale, Bates and Merris. This may account for the fact that we have only won one match this season.

I am well aware that this survey of the term is rather in the nature of a bald narrative of the doings or (more frequently) the misdoings of various members of our illustrious fraternity. In my opinion, however, VI Form notes should be restricted, in part at least, to these events and not used solely for the purpose of hurling pugnacious and sarcastic insults at the people who may well grow up to be the backbone of our country.

In conclusion, as many of our upper-sixth are, even as I write this, sitting for an examination, and that for the others, their freedom is short lived, I will offer, rather belatedly, I fear, good luck to all the candidates, in the hope that next year, when I shall be undergoing this mental devastation myself, some friendly and sympathetic member of the lower-sixth will do the same for me.

N. J. PINFIELD.

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

A very funny thing happened last summer. Whilst we were sitting in church at morning service, we heard puffing and panting coming through the door. To my amusement I saw my little Scottie dog, Susie, come running towards me, very excited to see me. She was so excited that she ran to the rector, who was at the altar. My mother told me to go quickly and catch her; but Susie had other ideas, and decided to play, and kept dodging as I tried to catch her. The rector tried not to take any notice, and carried on with the service.

After several minutes I managed to catch her and walked down the aisle, feeling very embarrassed. As I went out through the door I saw my brother's dog patiently waiting outside.

ROSEMARY BLUCK (IVa).

DISAPPOINTED HOPES

The most disappointed man in the world must have been Captain Scott when he reached the South Pole and found that someone else had beaten him to it. Mount Everest, also, must have caused a great deal of disappointment to many men.

To most people, however, disappointments like these are unknown, but small incidents in everyday life can be disappointing as well.

One of the things that most disappoints me is a fire which refuses to take light. After having laid the sticks delicately on top of some dry, crackly paper and placed a bucket of coal ready, I find it frustrating when three or four matches will not start the fire off and I have to take the fire to pieces and lay fresh paper. Perhaps housewives get used to this, but I have not got used to it yet.

Besides being unsuccessful with fires I also find that I am not so green-fingered as might be hoped. My asters do not grow, my green peas refuse to germinate on damp blotting-paper and a certain black-currant bush, when transferred into my ownership, shrivelled and died.

Most of my hopes seem to be doomed. If there is an epidemic going through the school just before the examinations it has to be a disease that I have caught before or I catch the disease just after the examinations when the holidays begin.

Some disappointments are my own fault. If I read books described on the inside cover as "tragic and moving," I cannot expect the heroes or heroines to live happily ever after surrounded by friends and pets. If I am too lazy to count my spending money before I set out I have only myself to blame when I find that I can't afford to buy my favourite magazine and must make do with a cheaper one.

It is disappointing, too, especially after having applied a little artificial colouring to the lips, to be mistaken for one's younger sister, who is at least an inch shorter in height.

Life is full of little disappointments, which never greatly worry anybody, but there are also many happy moments which make up for these, so that life is not as dismal as some people try to suggest to others.

JANET BULLOCK (Va).

SINGING

What can we do when all goes wrong,
But smile, and sing a little song?

We sing a little ditty bright,
And smile a bit to make things right.

We sing to make things bright and gay,
And cheer the people on our way.

We sing till all our work is done,
And still sing on, while having fun.

We sing to make things right, you know,
So please don't think it's just for show.

That's what we do, when all goes wrong,
We smile and sing a little song.

ELIZABETH COVENEY (IIA).

VALLEY OF DEATH

Where I live in Studley there are some fields which are called a park. In these fields are cows and sheep. There is a cricket ground, also. Near this cricket ground is quite a big valley. It was in this valley (which is called the Valley of Death) that something happened to me.

My auntie and my cousins came to see us. We took them down to the Valley of Death to play rounders. In the right-hand corner was a very big pool of water, slime, and slosh. We started playing rounders, and I was one of the fielders. The ball was right by this pool, and I ran to fetch it. By the side of this pool was a grassy patch. I thought it was grass, and I trod on it. I went and fell in the pool and I rolled right into the middle of it. I got all my clothes wet, but I did not get my shoes wet or my hair. My father had to go and fetch me all clean clothes. He brought some very old ones, which I could hardly get into. Then I had to go down to the river to wash my legs, arms and my face. After that we played rounders again, but nowhere near the Valley of Death.

JANET SHRIMPTON (IB).

NIGHT FEARS

A few years ago I used to be very frightened of the dark. Before I got into bed at night I used to look behind the wardrobe, behind the dressing table and under the bed.

One night I had hung my dress up against the wall, because I wanted to wear it for a party the next day. I went to bed after my nightly routine, and I fell asleep.

Clang! Up I jumped, nearly out of bed. It was a very windy night, and the dustbin lid had blown off. This made me a little jumpy. I returned to bed, and lay down again.

I closed my eyes, but only for a little while. I had the feeling that someone was in the room. I saw the outline of my dress and thought: somebody was standing there. I buried my head under the bedclothes, not daring to move, and I must have fallen asleep in that position. When I awoke in the morning I found that my fear was all on account of a nylon dress.

LYNETTE GRAY (IVB).

SCHOOL ON A HOT DAY

It is the third lesson, and the atmosphere is tense with heat. The sun, shining through a half-open window, is penetrating most of the pupils. Everybody is lolling about, wiping perspiration from their hands and faces. Someone dreamily puts up his hand and asks if another window can be opened. It is, and suddenly the atmosphere changes, a cool breeze dances round the room, licking at the hot faces within. The lolling stops and slowly backs straighten, and more interest is taken in the work.

The bell rings out, and classes are dismissed, a gentle hum of voices arises. The door is opened, and "woosh!" you are hit in the face with a cool blast of air. Then, out into the glaring sunshine, chatting about the lesson. You walk into the field with a friend and lie down under a tree in the cool shade. A bird is hopping about, but you hear no song; the bird also feels the heat.

About five minutes before the bell rings you walk across the field into the coolness of the cloakroom, quite dark compared with the vivid sunlight outside. There is water to be found here, cool, refreshing water that trickles over your perspiring hands; you have a drink and feel much fresher.

Then the bell rings its monotonous jangle, which suddenly reminds you of class, that hot and stuffy room. You have another drink, line up, and away.

J. LELEU (IIb).

SUMMER RAIN

Dampening all the trees and flowers,
Pouring down in constant showers,
Filling up the daylight hours,
With glistening ecstasy.

Dancing o'er the meadows green,
Giving them a silver sheen,
The summer rain crowns nature queen
Of a paradise restored.

SHEILA SHEPPARD (IIA).

CARE ON THE ROADS

You should read the Highway Code,
Because it helps you on the road.
You should obey each law there written,
And there'd be less accidents in Britain.

A policeman you must always obey,
No matter what the time of day.
His word is law and you must obey it,
Or else a fine, and you'll have to pay it.

If you were careful on the road,
There would be no need for the Highway Code.
But some people still persist,
And they go down on the policeman's list.

Why don't you try your very best,
And take part in the Proficiency Test?
The entry's free, so why not come?
Just ride along and bring your chum.

N. ROSS (IIIb).

TELEVISION

"What is this life if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?"
So runs the well-known, ancient rhyme,
Which suits so well the modern time.

At five o'clock come cowboys, then,
At 7.15 the weather men,
Followed by Harding, Monkhouse, Barnett,
Then that sinister film called "Dragnet."

My brother will not go to bed,
His eyes are glued to screen instead.
My mother calls, but all in vain,
"That thing will soon drive me insane!"

To-day the talk is all TV.
I hope that I shall never be
A TV bore, like some I know,
Who out-of-doors will never go.

JULIET ROSS (IIIA).

BUTTERFLY BALLET

In an old world garden
Filled with scented flowers,
Butterflies are dancing
Through the sunny hours.

Small Heaths and Red Admirals,
Their colours really gay,
Are practising a ballet
For some very special day.

Tortoiseshells and Blues,
With colours soft and bright,
Handsome Purple Emperors
With swift and graceful flight.

They all are very busy
Throughout the month of May,
And are practising a ballet
For some very special day.

JULIA BAILEY (IA).

VICTORY!

We had left after school the day before to spend a week-end on a farm in Wiltshire. Everybody was very happy at the prospects of a lazy week-end, except for me. There was one cloud on my horizon—homework. I had to take my work with me.

Every time I set foot in the house that day, a sense of guilt crept through me. That homework! I could not bring myself to face it, nor could I avoid its challenging presence.

Suddenly I heard, "Enid, have you done that homework?" I breathed a sigh of self-pity, wishing I could forget my work. So I sat down, opened my book, took out my pen, and then, looking up, saw my friends playing. Pulling myself together, I applied myself to History, every few minutes looking up to see my friends. Never have I known one subject to take such an interminably long time. It took quite twice the normal quota of concentration.

All at once I realised I had finished. Without even bothering to clear up, I was up from the chair and outside. A wonderful feeling of victory gushed through me as I shouted, "Cheerio, Mummy, I've finished."

ENID JENKINS (IIIA).

MY BUDGERIGAR

My budgerigar, which is just over a year old, is blue in colour. He is very talkative in the day and says things like "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year" and "Where's Bill?" If anyone puts a coat on he shouts "Cheerio" and we say it back.

When he wants to come out of his cage he runs up and down the front of it and chirrup at the same time. If he does come out, and we haven't anything for him to eat, he pecks our fingers. So we usually get him a piece of lettuce before this happens.

When I give him his bath he goes in it, and after a few seconds comes out again and shakes all the water over us, so that we have a bath at the same time. He then runs up his perch to his mirror and starts chirping to himself.

At night he goes very quiet and we do not know that there is a bird there.

JACQUELINE RAMSAY (IIA).

TIMOTHY

Timothy is a tortoise. He lived in a small hut in our garden. He used to be let out in the garden to roam around.

One day in the summer we went out in the car and when we returned, we saw something white on the lawn. My brother went to investigate, and he found that it was an egg which Timothy had laid. It was now cold and so my brother brought it into the house.

That night we put it in a cupboard near some pipes to hatch. Then about two weeks later the small tortoise had hatched out. It lived about three months, but when the winter came the severe cold killed it. But I am glad to say that Timothy is still alive. She has laid two more eggs.

M. ANDREWS (IIB).

IN A FOG

One day, early last year, I was "marooned" in the thickest fog I have been out in. We were let out of school early, owing to a dense mist which was rapidly thickening. I decided to go home the longer way to see whether they had finished draining the reservoir.

As we neared the water, the fog closed right down and the 'bus driver would go no farther after "ramming" the hedge and narrowly missing a motor bike. When we stopped, I decided to "grobe" my way to Barnt Green and walk from there. After half-an-hour's walking I reached Barnt Green and the road was certainly much clearer. I walked for some time down the hill, but it had not occurred to me that there would be a lot of fog by the canal. As I approached it, a strange-smelling fog began to thicken. However, I was glad to reach home at six o'clock to sit down to a pot of tea.

S. ORTON (IB).

MY VISIT TO COVENTRY

On Friday, March 23rd, 1956, I had the day off from school. The reason was that I was to see Her Majesty the Queen lay the foundation stone of the new Coventry Cathedral. My father was also going, as he is a churchwarden.

We started in the morning of what turned out to be a fine day. When we arrived we had rather a lot of trouble parking. Once this problem was settled we joined the queue of people who were entering for the service. Inside the big sea of people we took our seats. While we were waiting for the Queen to arrive we saw the technicians preparing the television cameras.

Then came the procession of diocesan clergy. I would never have dreamt that there were so many clergy in the diocese of Coventry.

All the clergy having taken their seats, Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh came down the Queen's Way, led by the Cross of Nails. The National Anthem was sung before the service began. We first heard the Provost speak and then we sang hymns and said prayers. At about the middle point in the service the Bishop spoke to us, and then asked the Queen to lay the foundation stone. As she touched the four corners of the stone Her Majesty said: "I declare this stone to be well and truly laid." Then came the dedication of the stone.

After the service we went to see the stone. On it these words were written:—

To the glory of God
this foundation stone was laid by
Queen Elizabeth the Second
on the 23rd day of March, 1956.
Other foundation can no man lay
than that which is laid
which is Jesus Christ.

We then went round the ruined Cathedral. We saw the grave of Bishop Gorton, and the spire of the old cathedral, which is still standing. We were with a friend who knew Coventry well. He took us round the city. We stayed to see the Queen on her way to the Jaguar factory.

When we got home we were tired, but happy, and we still have our books of the order of the service as a memory of a delightful day.

ELIZABETH SMITH (III A).

THE FISHERMAN

My brother went fishing the other day with a friend of his. He was gone about three hours. When he came back we did at the least expect a fish of some sort or shape, but no, he came back empty-handed, except for his fishing rod. He said that he had seen a lot of fish in the water and some of them stole his bait, but the fish were too clever for him. The next day he went again and this time he came back after an hour in disgust. This time he had not even had a nibble. He has not been fishing since; he is too disgusted! The fish have beaten my brother.

CAROLE VONDRACK (III A).

NATIONAL SAVINGS

Since the last report in December, 1955, this movement has for various reasons enjoyed much widespread publicity in the national Press.

In January a ban on savings in schools was imposed by the members of the National Union of Teachers, but as this in no way affected the hon. secretary of our group the work in our school has not been interrupted. We are, in fact, the only school group operating in the Alcester rural district—surely an item worthy of note in our School Record!

In April the Chancellor of the Exchequer had much to say about the value of National Savings in stabilising the economic life of the country, and the novel security of the Premium Bond was introduced. This will not be available for sale by school groups, as regulations governing its purchase specifically forbid its direct sale to young people under the age of sixteen. Investments may, however, be made on their behalf from other sources.

In May, the movement celebrated its 40th birthday at the Guildhall in London, when Her Majesty the Queen was present to grace the occasion, and revealed that all members of the Royal Household held personal savings in the Buckingham Palace group.

Since last September we have in our group at school saved just over £300, which represents an average of approximately £10 a week. The fact that the savings have maintained this level in the summer term is largely owing to the fact that we have now a "family" of Form honorary secretaries. Each Form now has one member who has undertaken to collect the savings each Friday, and very conscientious have they been in the performance of their duties! Our grateful thanks to Alma Taylor, Ann Pinfield, Diana Roberts, Monica Micklewright, Elizabeth Smith, Christine Burton, Geraldine Draycott, Edwards, Stallard and Josephine Tuckey, whose voluntary service has made life so much easier for the rest of us. Long may this successful system continue to flourish!

MISS YOUNG (Hon. Sec.).

THE CHESS CLUB

We have now organised a chess league in which all the members play each other once, gaining points according to the result of the game. The winner, whose name we hope to announce in next term's *Record*, will be the person with the highest total of points.

Once again we are holding a "knock-out" competition, the opening rounds of which have just been played. Last term's competition was won by Bailey, who beat Sheppard in the final.

When members are not engaged in league or competition games, ladder games are played. This term Bailey occupies the top position, with Sheppard in second place.

Bennett is the club treasurer, and weekly subscriptions are used in the purchase of chess sets and boards. Games are still played at dinner-time in the room reserved for this use.

M. BAILEY.

THE CATTLE ARE COMING

My auntie and uncle live in Malvern. Their bungalow is in the middle of an orchard, and across the road is a big common on which there are a lot of sheep. Uncle Charles used to keep sheep, but finding it too much trouble, he and Auntie Mary decided to sell them all, except one lamb. This was a great pet called Peter whom they could not bear to part with.

One day Auntie Mary (who feels the cold) was sitting with her feet in the oven when Peter came to the kitchen window. He began to bleat very persistently. Several times Auntie Mary shouted at him to go away, but he would not, and he kept turning his head to look at something. At last she put on her boots and went outside to see what was the matter. She found a herd of cattle coming in from the common. They were walking across the orchard towards the garden, so, thanks to Peter, she was just in time, and was able to drive them out before they did a great deal of damage.

HELEN JACKSON (IA).

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President : M. Lowe

Secretary : Bailey i

Treasurer : Lewis i

Social Secretary : Bates

The Dramatic Society has been carrying out its usual Friday activities this term, which have been planned by our members. We have been pleased to note the vast improvement in the arrangement of the afternoons' activities, and would also like to congratulate some of our younger members on their enthusiasm and originality.

We have found this term that our members have arranged panel games with great skill. The contests we have held to find champion speaker have provided much humour, and resulted with Sale champion and Lewis a close runner-up.

At the end of this term we shall be losing some of our veteran members. We should like to take this opportunity of wishing them every success in the future and look forward to welcoming new faces next term.

MARY JAMES.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

As usual this term, we have had more lectures and demonstrations, our most recent one being "Why not try colour?", which we found particularly interesting.

Both senior and junior members of the society have done more enlarging this term, both groups obtaining reasonably good results. We hope that this year some of our work will be exhibited on Sports Day.

PAULINE DAVIS.

THE COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY*Hon. Secretary* : J. Rawbone*Treasurer* : B. Pope*Committee* : R. Highman, A. Swinglehurst, S. Hunt

We have continued to include in our Friday afternoon programmes energetic square dances, with dances of a less vigorous and more stately nature interposed, and the number of new dances learnt has steadily increased. Ruth Highman spent several Friday afternoons helping the Guides with dances, which they subsequently performed at the celebrations of the 30th anniversary of Alcester Guide Group. Since Miss Hewitt accompanied the Sixth Form girls on their visit to Studley College on the 8th June, Miss Norman kindly took her place, while the Guides joined society members in the dances. We hope to hold a summer party of 20th July, to which members can invite two friends.

BERYL POPE.

THE SCOUT TROOP

The troop's activities have varied considerably this term involving many aspects of Scouting. Steady progress has been maintained in Tenderfoot and Second Class instruction. Our out-door activities have included wide games and fire-lighting, upon which a variety of eatable goods were cooked.

During the Easter holidays, in Bob-a-Job week, the troop, together with the Kinwarton Troop, had the job of clearing Alcester Heath of litter, left by the thoughtless public after the point to point races.

Bamfield and Hopkins helped to choose a camping site in South Wales during the Easter holidays, to which Scouts from the 11th Leamington Scout Group and the School troop hope to go at the end of July. Spooner and Thornton attended a junior camp near Leamington during the Whitsun holidays. Merris has passed his 1st class tests and is now a senior Scout.

B.R.M.

GIRL GUIDE COMPANY

This term we have continued to hold our meetings in the Art Room on Friday afternoons. In April of this year the Alcester Guide Association celebrated their 30th anniversary. They held a party on the Saturday afternoon in the Alcester Town Hall to which we were invited. At this party our Guides gave a country dance display. On the Sunday evening, there was a special service held in the Parish Church for the Guides. Most of our Guides attended this service. On Sunday, 17th June, we hope to attend a civic service in the Parish Church. Our Guides are still working hard to obtain their 1st and 2nd class badges. This term is the last term in which Girl Guides will be held at School.

IRENE BENFIELD
(Company Leader).

**A.G.S. PLATOON,
7/11th BATTALION, ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.**

Training has continued well in the unit during the past months.

On 23rd March a contingent joined the Stratford Company on parade in Coventry, on the occasion of the Royal visit.

Cadet Jenkins successfully passed the Certificate "A," Part I., examination at Coten End Drill Hall on 10th June.

Lance/Corporal Hartill gained Certificate "A," Part II., at the Regimental Depot, Budbrooke Barracks, Warwick, on 27th May. He was subsequently promoted to Corporal.

A contingent once again joined Stratford Company on parade at Stratford on 23rd June, for the Carnival celebrations.

We take this opportunity of wishing every success to members of the Platoon who are leaving school at the end of this term.

SERGEANT OSELAND.

CRICKET

Captain and Secretary : Lewis i *Vice-Captain* : Pinfield

This season's side has to date proved as successful as, if not more so, than that of last year. Of the seven games played, only two games have been won, but we have had the better of two of the three drawn games. One of the last games was against Moseley G.S., a new fixture this season. The losing of several of last year's side has meant the introduction of younger players, on whom future success will depend.

Unfortunately, the responsibility of scoring runs has fallen upon too few. The bowling, too, has been in a similar position. As a result, not a really strong all-round side has yet been fielded. Practices after school, however, have improved the general all-round standard.

So far, the weather has been reasonably kind, and we look forward to completing the remainder of our fixtures.

The following have represented the School in the first eleven : Lewis i, Pinfield, Bates, Merris, Sale, Rouse, Nixon, Broadley, Boswell, Harris i, Gill, Robinson, White, Edmonds.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), drawn, 34—30 for 8 wkts.
 v. Stratford K.E.S. (away), lost, 70—103 for 7 dec.
 v. Hanley Castle G.S. (home), drawn, 18 for 1—72 for 1 dec.
 v. Moseley G.S. (away), lost, 54—101.
 v. Worcester T.H.S. (home), won, 55 for 6—53 for 6 dec.
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI (home), drawn, 72 for 7 dec.—31 for 7.
 v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), won, 53 for 2—52.

R. LEWIS.

TENNIS*Captain* : A. Swinglehurst*Vice-Captain* : M. Lowe

Once again the previous year's tennis six was much depleted and we have had to try out several different pairings before settling on a regular team. The School is now represented by Ann Swinglehurst, A. Holt, 1st couple; M. Lowe, R. Highman, 2nd couple; J. Holt, G. Nicholls, 3rd couple, and S. Tilsley, D. Roberts and C. Baylis have also played.

Despite several absences through illness we have had a reasonably successful season so far, and have maintained an unbeaten record against school teams. The weather, although never giving ideal conditions, has on the whole been kind to us, for we have had only one match cancelled.

Practices have been held regularly on Tuesdays and Fridays. Also this season the doubles tournament has been re-introduced and the singles re-organised in an attempt to arouse the interest of more of the younger members of the school.

E.A.S.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st VI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), won, 7—2.
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won 6—3.
v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (home), won 6—3.
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), won 9—0.
v. Studley College (away), lost 3—6.
v. Leamington College (away), won 7—2.
v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), won 5—4.
v. Worcester Training College (away), lost 0—8.

ROUNDERS*Captain* : J. Rawbone*Vice-Captain* : M. Scott

The season did not start very successfully, as our first two matches against Chipping Campden and Evesham were lost. Since then, practices have been held regularly and the fielding of both teams has improved. The first team were very pleased to record a victory against Redditch County High School, a feat that has not been accomplished for several seasons.

The Second team has been mainly represented by members of the Second and Third Forms, who have played well against older teams. Only one match has been cancelled so far this term; that was against Worcester Training College, but since then we have played them in the return match.

The 1st IX. has been represented by: C. Down, M. Scott, J. Rawbone, M. Wilkes, J. Dugmore, J. Burford, F. Jackson, E. Gregory, S. Dyson, A. Lloyd, E. Smith and S. Tilsley.

The 2nd IX. has been represented by : E. Jenkins, M. Rogers, C. Baylis, A. Lloyd, E. Smith, B. Jones, E. Stewart, S. Tilsley, M. Hemming, R. Wright, J. Pirie, A. Ashton and W. Wright.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st IX v. Chipping Campden G.S. 1st IX (home), lost, 7—9½.
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st IX (away), lost, 0—1.
 v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. 1st IX (home), won 5½—1½.
 v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 1st IX (home), lost, 4—7.
 v. Leamington College 1st IX (away), won, 4½—2.
 v. Redditch C.H.S. 1st IX (away), won, 5—0.
 v. Worcester Training College 1st IX (away), lost, 9—11.
- A.G.S. 2nd IX v. Chipping Campden G.S. 2nd IX (home), lost, 3½—9½.
 v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. 2nd IX (home), won, 5½—3½.
 v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 2nd IX (home), lost, 2½—4.
 v. Leamington College 2nd IX (away), lost, 2—4½.
 v. Redditch C.H.S. 2nd IX (away), lost, 6—7.
 v. Worcester Training College 2nd IX (away), lost, 4½—11.

JANE RAWBONE.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following matches were played too late last term for their results to be included in the April magazine :—

FOOTBALL

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Stratford N.F.U. (home), won, 8—1.
 v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), won, 6—4.
 v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), won, 2—1.
- A.G.S. Under-15 XI v. Lodge Farm S.M.S. (away), lost, 1—2.
- A.G.S. Under-12 XI v. Alcester Preparatory School (home), won, 2—0.
 v. Alcester Preparatory School (home), won, 3—2.

HOCKEY

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Ragley Ladies (home), lost, 1—2.
 v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), lost, 0—2.
 v. Staff XI (home), drawn, 0—0.
 v. Leamington College (away), won, 5—0.
- A.G.S. 2nd XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), lost, 2—3.

NETBALL

- A.G.S. 1st VII v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. 1st VII (home), won, 22—12.
- A.G.S. 2nd VII v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. 2nd VII (home), lost, 12—15.

ANALYSES

FOOTBALL

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For Against	
A.G.S. 1st XI	15	10	4	1	59	26
Under-15 XI	12	1	—	11	13	63

HOCKEY

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For Against	
A.G.S. 1st XI	14	4	3	7	23	20
A.G.S. 2nd XI	7	2	1	4	15	20

NETBALL

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
A.G.S. 1st VII	5	2	1	2
A.G.S. 2nd VII	4	—	1	3

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